Gone in the Morning

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Gone in the Morning

by the_link_dock

Summary

Will has hallucinations about Hannibal. That's all this is, right?

Will thought to himself aloud when he was alone.

Or when he with his dogs.

He took the sleeping pills prescribed to him and laid on his bed, staring at his ceiling while he pet Winston absent-mindedly.

“It’s not like I’m suicidal, right? I mean, I’m not *actively* trying to die. Well, I kind of am. I’m just not trying to kill myself. There’s a difference.”

Will tried not to think about how the only person who would bother to check up on him was somewhere galivanting through Europe.

He stared blankly upwards as he whispered nonsense.

“Not trying to…it’s not the same…just tired…still scared…they can’t know…won’t find out…leave me…tired…waiting…alone…”

Winston was sitting dutifully by Will’s bed, staring over the top where just barely Will was visible. Sometimes Winston’s ears would flick as the noises outside played on.

“What time is it, Winston? He doesn’t know, he’s a dog.” Sometimes Will talked as if he were two different people.

“It’s dark in here.”

The blinds were shut and the curtains were pinned tightly together and to the wall so no light could stream in.

Winston shifted to stare at the door and Will scratched his ear.

A knocking sounded from the door.

“Who could that possibly be.”

Jack would call him. Alana didn’t just show up.

The knocking sounded again.

“Will?” A voice called through the door.

Will smiled without humour, “Great. Add auditory hallucinations to the list. Can hallucinations be auditory? Or are they called something else?”

He lifted his head and looked at Winston before flopping back down with a snort, “You don’t know.”

“Will, I can hear you.” The voice continued.

Will was surprised with how accurate the accent sounded, considering how long it'd been since he heard Dr. Lecter's voice.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. Why don't you just come in?" Will called, expecting the voice to disappear and leave him for another sleepless night.

He was mildly surprised when Hannibal walked in, frowning at the state of disarray of Will's home.

Will blinked at him slowly and blew out a breath, "The leather's new."

Dr. Lecter was wearing a black leather jacket and black pants. Will guessed the shirt would be a similar colour.

This wasn't the first time he'd hallucinated Dr. Lecter. Usually he was in the blood-stained white button-up Will had last seen him in. Sometimes the good doctor was dressed in one of his ridiculous three-piece suits.

Will stood at the end of his bed, and Will didn't bother to stop staring.

"What is it this time?" Will asked, sick of the silence.

"What do you mean?"

Will sighed heavily, "It's one of *those* then."

"One of what Will?" Hannibal asked, glancing around the room.

"One of the times when you act like you haven't been here before. They haven't happened recently but," Will's lips curled into a bitter smile, "guess it got boring."

"I have been here before?"

Will sighed but nodded, "Usually you stand in the corner. You talk most of the times, but once or twice you've just been quiet. Listen to me ramble."

"Ramble about what?"

Will tilted his head back and exhaled in relief, "So, we're psychoanalyzing. Okay, I can work with that, but can we skip the beginning?"

Hannibal walked around the bed and sat in the arm chair closest to Will. "If that's what you'd like."

"So, we were coming up with a way to attract your attention." Will said, ruffling the top of Winston's head.

"We as in, you and me?"

Will snorted, "No. Me and Winston. Mostly me, I talk for Winston. We think you're in Italy."

“Why do you want my attention?” Hannibal asked with a small smile.

Will lolled his head to better face him and stared up at him with a matching smile, “To make you finish what you started.”

Finish. Finish. End it. Everything. End it all.

“What did I start Will?”

Will tilted his head slightly, “You’re gonna make me say it? Feeling particularly cruel tonight?”

Will laughed and rolled onto his side, finally pulling his head away from Winston’s head and furling his knees up to his chest.

“I’m kidding. I know the drill. Let’s see, I say I want you to finish what you started, killing me, you say something like it was meant to take you to a better place?” Will rubbed his face and sighed, “It’s hard to remember. What do you say?”

“I never intended to kill you, Will.” Hannibal said quietly.

Will tossed his arm out, “No, no, you say how it was for the best.”

“Will, what’s this?” Hannibal reached over and held up Will’s pill bottle.

“They’re my sleeping pills.”

Hannibal turned it around in his hand, “It’s empty.”

Will shrugged, “I take one every night.”

Hannibal looked up at him sharply, “This was refilled last week. 60 capsules. One per night.”

Will blinked at him, “Whoops.”

Hannibal pulled his phone out and started dialling a number.

Will flopped onto his back, “What are you doing?”

“You aren’t dying here Will.”

Will snorted, “You can’t do anything about it.”

“As long as I’m here, I most certainly can.”

“You’ll be gone by morning.” Will said, less angry that he thought he’d be. It was more of resignation.

Hannibal stood up with a soft look and pursed his lips, “I’m here Will. I’m taking you with me.”

He put his hand on Will's forehead.

Will leaned into it with a sigh and closed his eyes.

"Why can't you be this docile all the time?" Hannibal murmured with a certain fondness.

"Because I know it's not really *you*. You're just a figment of my imagination. A hallucination. Here tonight, gone tomorrow."

"What makes you so sure?"

Will looked at him with a flat stare, "It's been almost four days since I've slept."

Hannibal furrowed his eyebrows, "The sleeping pills?"

Will huffed, "They don't do shit. Maybe more than fifty will do the trick."

Hannibal's hand stopped from combing through Will's hair, and Will couldn't hold back a quiet whine.

"Don't think we are not talking about this later, Will." Hannibal warned.

Will yawned and squeezed his eyes shut as his stomach cramped.

Cotton filled his ears as a groan ripped itself from his throat. He turned away from Hannibal and curled in on himself as he started shivered.

His consciousness started to fade when he began convulsing and a pained smile twisted his lips as he thought it would finally be over.

But since when does Will get what he wants?

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